

The Drummer's Sermon

Why the Knights of the Grip Gave Up Their Lower Berths—How the Christian Endeavor Delegates Got In Their Good Work—A Recipe for Making a "Popular Preacher."

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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I saw a number of traveling men give up their lower berths and take uppers on a sleeping car between St. Louis and Pittsburg a few days ago. The shock was really dangerous. I would have staked my reputation as an experienced salesman, and as a judge of human nature, that it would take a box of dynamite to elevate the average commercial traveler into an upper berth in a sleeper, when once he had his hooks firmly on a lower. Yet here was the unprecedented happening before my eyes.

It was all due to a crowd of Christian Endeavorers. They were mostly women—which, I understand, is the Christian Endeavor fashion—and they had come aboard at the last moment from one of their convention excursion trains. There were a dozen of them, and they had all been attending some convention out west. Most of the lower berths had been engaged before they reached St. Louis, but that fact did not bottle up their music any.

For they were a singing crowd. They sang on the platform, while waiting, with other delegates, for the train to start. When we got under way they all gathered in one end of the car and, after some more singing, they held a regular prayer meeting. Perhaps that wasn't polite; other passengers might have objected. But I guess most of us had traveled in cars with crowds of noisy sports, and the Christian Endeavor sort of disturbance was preferable. Fact is, I think we all rather liked it. The Endeavorers were mostly good lookers, and they sang well. They gave us a lot of the old-time hymns, and then some catchy rag-time things about "sunshine."

The Drummers Take Upper Berths.

It was the music that did the trick for the drummers. Those old songs got next to the true inwardness of



AND THEY SANG WELL.

some of the fellows, and before it was time for the berths to be made down a lot of them told the porter to put them "upstairs" and explain it to the women. Mark you, those men didn't do the gallant in person; they simply sneaked off and had the porter fix the thing up, so that none of the women passengers would have to take an upper berth. And they were drummers, too!

I figure it out this way: those hymns and prayers, and the religious atmosphere generally, had gone deeper than the epidermis of that bunch of drummers, and had hit them where they really live—or used to live, maybe. The brazenest and toughest of us carries a sentimental spot somewhere beneath his fancy vest. A fellow may jog along for most of his life without giving a thought to what affects his better nature, and then all of a sudden he is brought up with a jolt to realize that the preachers are right, and that a man is at core a spirit.

Preaches Himself to Sleep.

After I had crawled into my berth I thought the matter over—not through, but over, for I'm a salesman, and not a college professor. I checked off in my mind the names and characters of the men in that crowd, and what I really knew about them. It was surprisingly little. Beyond a few facts about their business experience, and a hint here and there of their home life, I knew nothing more than what appears on the surface of a traveling man's life.

Yet I was sure that each had other and more personal interests than the subjects we talked about from day to day. The deepest concerns of every man's life are spiritual—his loves, his hopes, his sorrows, his burdens. As I lay there above the music of the whirling wheels, reflecting on these matters, there recurred to my mind a sentence from a little advertising program that is given away on the Sound steamers—"We have bodies; we are souls."

I do not know at just what point in my cogitations I went to sleep, but the subject waked up with me. I have come to the conclusion that every man is spirit-hungry and spirit-sensitive once in a while. Then is the time that a joke book or a gay crowd will not satisfy him.

The "Popular" Preacher.

Right here is where I have a kick coming against the "popular" preachers, the men who bid for hotel patronage and advertise catchy topics, and when they meet you are at pains to show you what "good fellows" they are, and how thoroughly men of the world. In all the preaching that I have heard from these pulpites they never go more than skin deep. They take their texts out of the newspapers and then proceed to talk a lot of cheap boucambes, with mighty little religious sense in it. One of them caused a lynching in Delaware a few years ago.

Out of a varied experience with these pulpit performers I have come to formulate a sort of recipe for turning out a successful "popular" minister; maybe I can sell it to one of these rich theological seminaries. First, the candidate must have beef; let him be big and handsome, with plenty of girth. Then he must have lungs of leather. When ideas fail he will need his lungs more. Next I would put an unabashed manner, which would not be flurried by the presence of popes or potentates, and which would jovially slap the Angel Gabriel on the back. This insures the crowning qualification of a "popular" preacher—ability to utter the tritest and thinnest platitudes with the self-confident air of a great philosopher and orator who is handing down freshly coined truth from the mint of heaven. Given these furnishings, and you have a man who will draw crowds until the almost inevitable scandal comes along and sends him to pastures new and greener.

How can such creatures help a man's spirit? They are better qualified to mend soles at a shoemaker's bench (meaning no disrespect to that honorable calling) than to lay their great and grimy paws on the sensitive souls of living men and women. I wouldn't give the unworried old pastor of my boyhood, who never preached to more than 200 persons at one time in all his life, and who was so wrapped up in spiritual concerns that he would not have been able to identify his own clothes were he to see them on a tramp's back, for a cartload of these ranting fellows who are the idols of foolish women.

The "popular" minister's desire to be popular is so great that he is willing to sacrifice his high calling for the sake of being called a "good fellow." His ambition is to be a "man among men," and he is always afraid of being considered too religious. We had one of them in a smoking car a year or two ago. He didn't smoke himself, for he had to keep solid with the W. C. T. U. crowd, and I have no doubt that he is a favorite speaker at their conventions, but he fairly fell over himself in his efforts to make us understand his liberal and tolerant views on the matter of smoking, yes, and of drinking, too. For the express purpose of shocking him, one man passed his flask around; but it didn't jar him a little bit.

The boys were bound to faze him somehow, so they got to telling stories, the ripest in their repertoires. That minister never blushed or squirmed; not he—and when his turn came he left the lot of them out of the running. Now don't let me lose you here; I don't want to misrepresent any goods I handle. This lobster is not a fair type of the Christian ministry; he is only one in a hundred. He is not fit to travel in the same crowd with most of the ministers I know. I hear lots of would-be-wise guys blowing off hot air about preachers as a whole, but it is only hot air; they judge the whole by a small part. They accept the noisy "popular" minister as a standard, when the truth is that he is only a pervert, a religious monstrosity, a mere wart on the face of the body ministerial.

The "popular" preacher makes me feel self-righteous, whereas the man I want to hear is the one who makes me feel that I am in need of help, if ever I am to get into glory, or glory into me. On the occasions when I go to church, I want to have my spirit's hunger fed. I have run across quite a few preachers who fill this bill. They are the men with deep, strong eyes, who affect nothing, but whose presence spells power. They are men to whom the unseen things are the real. They bear the marks of spiritual struggle and growth, and when they speak of matters other-worldly, I listen.

THE DRUMMER.

Gossip of Washington

What Is Going On at the National Capital.

Bitter Social Feud Recalled by Death



WASHINGTON.—The recent death of Mrs. William Hunter Doll, formerly the widow of Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota and well known in capital society, recalls a bitter social feud in which she was one of the leading characters.

Mrs. Doll's maiden name was Anna Malcolm Agnew, and she was not quite 16 years of age when she married Senator Davis, who was 27 years her senior.

Anna Agnew described herself as a great-grandchild of Margaret Malcolm, a distinguished Scotch woman, and a great-grandniece of Admiral Poultney Malcolm, who guarded the island of St. Helena while Napoleon was a prisoner there. She became the child wife of a printer named Evans, but she divorced him in 1878, and, to support herself, entered the household of

Gov. Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota as a seamstress.

Within a few months the harmony between Gov. Davis and his wife was shattered. Mrs. Davis went to Kansas to live and a legal separation was followed by a divorce. A year later, Mrs. Evans became Mrs. Davis No. 2.

Mrs. William R. Merriam, wife of a rising politician, was the social leader in St. Paul at the time. She was a devoted friend of the first Mrs. Davis, and her decree that Mrs. Anna Agnew Davis must not be recognized socially was obeyed implicitly.

It was not long before William R. Merriam was elected governor of Minnesota, and his wife assumed her position as mistress of the executive mansion. The inaugural ball is the great social function of St. Paul, and when Mrs. Merriam sent out her invitations the former governor and his wife were excluded.

Gov. Davis was elected to the United States senate in 1887. Soon after the expiration of Gov. Merriam's term he was appointed director of the census, coming with his wife to this city, and transferring the scene of hostilities.

Place for Inaugural Dance Is in Doubt



WHERE shall the inaugural ball be held?

This is the question which is agitating the minds of the inaugural committee and society folks here. For many years this has been the crowning feature of the installation into office of a new president, but four years ago congress reluctantly gave its consent to the use of the pension office building and followed this action up by adopting a resolution that the building should not again be put in disorder for such a purpose.

Properly to prepare the structure for the ball means the removal from the great court of millions of valuable records besides the almost complete cessation of the government business for no less than 20 days by the army of clerks who daily pass upon pension cases.

Pension Commissioner Warner says that the pay of employees during that period, within which they would be in enforced idleness, aggregates \$95,474, and it would mean just that much cost to the government.

He says that the work of the office will be put back, and that damage that cannot be estimated invariably follows every occupancy of the pension office for the inaugural ball.

There is already on foot, however, a movement to utilize the building as in the past for the ball and the house committee on the District of Columbia after the holidays will bring in a resolution to that end. Unless the temper of congress has undergone a radical change in the last four years, the resolution will meet with defeat.

The only other building in the city where the ball could be held is the new national museum, now nearing completion, but this structure, because of the absence of a court such as the pension building has, would lessen the brilliancy of the function by confining the guests to the corridors.

The receipts from the inaugural ball in the past have gone toward paying the expenses of the inauguration.

Editor Wanted—Apply to Uncle Sam



UNCLE SAM is worried over the failure of the United States civil service commission to get him an editor. The chair in the sanctum of the Experiment Station Record, a red hot monthly devoted to cattle society and oleomargarine endurance contests, is vacant. The job pays \$1,500 a year.

An examination was held in the Brooklyn postoffice recently, but only one applicant appeared. He promised to raise the standard of the Record and to swell the circulation by making a cow-to-cow canvass for new subscribers.

"They looked rae over," said this editor, "and decided to give the other

editors of the country a second chance to try for the job. They refused to believe that there was only one editor who wanted to work for the government.

"What do you suppose kept the other editors away?" he was asked.

"I can't figure that out," was the reply. "It's a fabulous amount of money for the modest requirements of the job, and think of the honor of slinging ink for the government. All it requires is a perfect knowledge of entomology, economic zoology and veterinary science, together with a working assortment of French, German, Irish, Hindustani, African, English and Italian."

"Of course, you are expected to qualify on the reading, writing and arithmetic and letter writing. You've got to be a ready letter writer to work for the government these days. Animal husbandry and dairy philosophy are some of the minor subjects included in the examination."

Bill for Sugar Is \$1,000,000 a Day



IT TAKES a million dollars a day to satisfy Uncle Sam's sweet tooth, because the average citizen in the United States consumes half his own weight in sugar every year.

These and other interesting facts are given in a statement issued by the bureau of statistics, which reads more like a fairy tale for children than a government report.

The total consumption in the United States in 1907, the latest year for which the figures are obtainable, was 7,089,667,975 pounds.

"Calculating this enormous total at the average retail price of 5 1/2 cents per pound," the report states, "we get a total of \$372,000,000 as its cost to

the consumer, or more than a million dollars for each of 365 days of the year."

The statement shows that 21.3 per cent, or 1,511,000,000 pounds, of the sugar consumption of the country was of home production, 17.7 per cent., or 1,254,000,000 pounds, was brought from our insular possessions and the remaining 61 per cent., or 4,327,000,000 pounds, came from foreign countries. Forty-three million pounds was the aggregate of the exportation of sugar from this country.

The United States sugar record for 1907 was unique in that the quantity of that product imported from foreign countries was larger than ever before, the quantity brought from our island possessions was larger than in any previous year, the quantity produced at home exceeded that of any other year, the quantity exported was larger than in any year of the past decade, and the per capita consumption was the largest ever recorded, an average of 82.6 pounds for each man woman and child in the country.

HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Romance Clearly Had Little to Do with Silas' Marriage.

Preston Kendall, the actor, tells a story of a ne'er-do-well in a little New England town, where he has often spent his summers. "I was walking down the main street one day," said Kendall, "when I saw old Silas grinning from ear to ear. I hardly thought that he was that glad to see me. So, after speaking to him, I said: 'Why the smile that won't come off, Silas? What has happened to make you so happy this morning?' 'I've been agittin' married this morning,' was the unexpected reply. 'Married! You? I exclaimed. 'Why, Silas, what on earth have you done that for? You know you can't even support yourself as it is.' 'Wall,' said Silas, 'you see, it's this way: I ken purty near support myself, an' I kind of figured out that she could finish up the job.'"

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

What It Was.

She was visiting a Chinese restaurant for the first time, and had ordered among other things an omelet. After sampling the succulent chop suey and the appetizing chow mein, she turned her attention to what seemed a dish of pancakes. Puzzling over the combination of ham, onion and other ingredients, she suddenly exclaimed to her companion: "Why, there's egg in this."

"Sure; it's the omelet," he replied.

A Distinction.

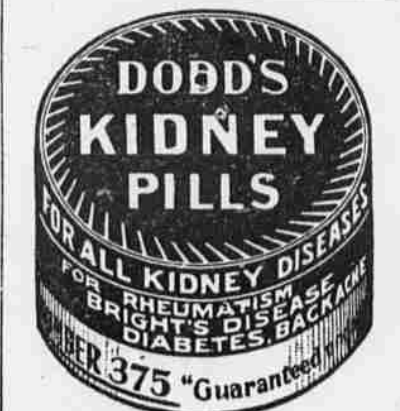
When Bill Burns first struck Washington he stopped at one of the hotels. Finding the expense would not be so great at a boarding house, he packed up his belongings and set forth.

A couple of weeks afterward, Murphy of the Athletics said he heard he was living at a boarding house.

"You heard wrong," replied Bill. "I'm boarding in a boarding house."—Washington Star.

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of Defiance Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

A woman wants a romantic man to make love to her, but she needs a matter of fact one to support her children.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

